













## THE POET'S CORNER.

### WHEN FORTUNE BEAMS.

When fortune beams around you,  
When hearts with pleasure leap;  
And hopes and joys surround you—  
Forget not those who weep!  
When friendship's smile invites you  
To less and to be blest;  
And every cheer delights you—  
Oh, think of the distressed!

When golden gleams beside you,  
As if by Heaven decreed;  
And plenty strews the floor;  
Forget not those who need!  
When pleasure's cup seems endless,  
Oh, prove it without end;  
By being to the friendless  
In every hour a friend!

## LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

### The Iron Will.

BY HENRY C. LEE.

"Fanny! I've got one word more to say to the subject. If you marry that fellow, I'll have nothing to do with you. I've said it, and you may be assured that I'll adhere to my determination."

Thus spoke, with a frowning brow and a stern voice, the father of Fanny Crawford, while the maiden sat with eyes bent upon the floor.

"He's a worthless, good-for-nothing fellow," resumed the father; "and if you marry him, you've a life of misery. Don't come back to me, for I will disown you to the end of the world. I've said it, and my decision is unalterable."

Still Fanny made no answer, but sat like a statue.

"I say to heart what I have said, and make your election, girl!" And with these words, Mr. Crawford retired from the presence of his daughter.

On that evening Fanny Crawford left her father's house, and was secretly married to a young man named Logan, whom, spite of all his faults, she tenderly loved.

When this fact was known to Mr. Crawford, he angrily repeated that of his daughter's marriage. But he meant what he said—for he was a man of stern purpose and unbending will. When, trusting to the love she believed him to bear for her, Fanny ventured home, she was rudely repulsed, and told that she no longer had a father.

These cruel words fell upon her heart, and ever after she wore an oppressive weight.

Logan was a young mechanic, with a good trade and the ability to earn a comfortable living. But Mr. Crawford's objection to him was well founded, and it would have been much better for Fanny if she had permitted it to influence her, for the young man was in fact, made this threat a last effort to save her from union that would, inevitably, lead to unhappiness.

But having made it, his stubborn and offended pride caused him to adhere with inflexibility to his word.

When Fanny went from under her father's roof, the old man was left alone. The mother of his only child had been many years dead.

For her father's sake, as well as for her own, did Fanny wish to return. She loved her parent with a most earnest affection, and thought of him as sitting gloomy and companionless in that home so long made light and cheerful by her voice and smile.

Hours and hours would she be awake at night, thinking of her father, and weeping for the estrangement of his heart from her. Still, there was in her bosom an ever living hope that he would relent. And to this she clung, though he passed her in the street without looking at her, and steadily denied her admission, when, in the hope of some change in his stern purpose, she would go to his house and seek to gain an entrance.

As the father had predicted, Logan added in the course of a year or two, a dissipation to idle habits, and neglect of his wife to both. They had gone to housekeeping in a small way, when, first married, and had lived comfortably enough for some time. But Logan did not like work, and made every excuse he could find to take a holiday, or be absent from the shop. The effect of this was an insufficient income. Debt came with its mortifying and harassing accompaniments, and furniture had to be sold to pay those who were not disposed to wait. With two little children, Fanny was removed by her husband into a cheap boarding-house, after their things were taken and sold. The company into which she was here thrown, was far from being agreeable; and this would have been no source of unhappiness in itself. Cheerfully would she have brooded over her misadventure, had there been nothing to awaken feelings of anxiety. But, alas! there was much to create unhappiness here. Idle days were more frequent; and the consequences of idle days were more serious. From his work, he would come home sober and cheerful; but after spending a day in idle company, or in the woods gleaning, a report of what he was doing, he would meet his wife with a sulky, dissatisfied aspect, and too often, in a state little above intoxication.

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"Has there been any change, lately?"

"I don't know thy son-in-law," replied Mr. Crawford, with an impatient motion of his head.

"Don't know thy son-in-law? The husband of thy daughter?"

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ness of his child, as described by the Quaker, nor help feeling as inwardly as the thought of what she must suffer on meeting her husband in such a state.

"She has only herself to blame," he said, as he struggled with his feelings. "I forewarned her. I gave her to understand clearly what she had to expect. My word is passed. I have said it; and that ends the matter. I am no childish trifler. What say I, mean?"

Logan had been from home all day, and what was worse, had not been, as his wife was well aware, at the shop for a week. The woman with whom they were boarding, came into her room during the afternoon, and, after some hesitation and embarrassment, said—

"I am sorry to tell you, Mrs. Logan, that I shall want you to give up your room, after this week. You know I have no money from you for nearly a month, and from the way your husband goes on, I see little prospect of being paid any thing more. If I was able, for your sake, I would say a word. But I am not, Mrs. Logan, and therefore must, in justice to myself and family, require you to get another boarding house."

Mrs. Logan answered only with tears. The woman tried to soften what she said, and, when that failed, she said—

"Not long after this, Logan came stumbling up the stairs, and opening the door of his room, staggered in, and threw himself heavily upon the bed, Fanny looked at him a few moments, and then, with a sigh, she turned away.

"He's a worthless, good-for-nothing fellow," resumed the father; "and if you marry him, you've a life of misery. Don't come back to me, for I will disown you to the end of the world. I've said it, and my decision is unalterable."

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the window. But, either she was changed so that he did not know his child; or he would not bend from his stern resolution to disown her.

On these two occasions she was unable, on returning, to resume her work. Her fingers could not hold or guide the needle, nor could she, from the blinding tears that filled her eyes, see to sew, even if her hands had held the tremor that ran through every nerve of her body.

A year had passed, and still she was unable to work. Her hands were still weak, and what was worse, had not been, as his wife was well aware, at the shop for a week. The woman with whom they were boarding, came into her room during the afternoon, and, after some hesitation and embarrassment, said—

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